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SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1908.

The Outburst of Evans.

Conservative naval view will find difficulty in applauding the sentiment, however much it may relish its expression, credited to Rear Admiral R. D. Evans, U. S. N., in a newspaper dispatch from the health resort in California where that officer is seeking the restoration of his health. The dispatch says:

"The admiral is apparently overwhelmed with the kindnesses that have been showered on him and the interest manifested in his welfare and the welfare of the fleet.

"'If this is the way the American people feel toward me and toward my men,' declared the admiral to-day, 'that bunch of politicians in Congress who are opposing the proposition to grant me a commission of vice admiral can take their old commission and bury it in the stokehole of hades. I have all the reward I want in this demonstration of the people's love and sympathy. Nothing any politicians could give me would equal that.'"

This implies that some of the favors granted to the navy have been coming, or are to be expected, from "politicians," for which Rear Admiral Evans may or may not have betrayed a service contempt. That officer is quite right in maintaining that public admiration, the tribute of the people, and respect of associates count for more than commissions, titles, badges, and any other verbal or decorative panoply. And undoubtedly Rear Admiral Evans can get through the remainder of his career on the active or retired list of the navy without the aid of "politicians," whether or not they are "bunched" for the purpose of opposing a law which would make Evans a vice admiral. Indeed, a man in Congress might very conscientiously array himself against such legislation as being unnecessary in the way of reward for an officer who has simply performed his duty.

There is another side to this situation which will impress people who are not of the naval establishment—and that is the readiness with which naval officers condemn Congressmen and Senators because the legislators do not enact laws which are always for the material benefit of the service personnel. We have come upon a peculiar state of things when a prominent naval officer may thus speak publicly of that branch of the government which has already done much for officers in providing pay and allowances and the opportunities of promotion. It is of a piece with the contemporaneous criticism which prevails in the naval establishment, to the manifest injury of discipline.

That Chicago minister who wants to "see the streets run red with the blood of anti-prohibitionists" cannot, even in common courtesy, be called a "temperance" advocate. There is nothing temperate about him.

Mr. Roosevelt's Strenuosity Explained.

An anonymous writer in the American Magazine for April undertakes to explain Theodore Roosevelt, and succeeds somewhat better, we think, than most commentators who have attempted that analytic task. And he has succeeded without doing violence either to science or nature, as did Allan McLane Hamilton when he tried to prove the President a victim of parancia reformatoria, although curiously enough our unknown author finds a clew to the puzzle—if it be a puzzle—in Prof. William James' theory of the hidden energies of humanity. We all accomplish less than we might, according to Prof. James, because we lack the capacity of energizing or making the fullest use of our faculties. Mr. Roosevelt has that capacity highly developed. He is able to energize all his faculties, and his "command of his capacities is even more remarkable than the capacities themselves." He is neither erratic nor eccentric, as the American Magazine critic sees him. "He is profoundly normal, physically and mentally, which genius is not. His habits and life are temperate; he is abstemious in eating, drinking, sleeping; for that is part of the care which he gives his energizing machine. His family life is normal, and he exhorts all America to a similar normality. He exercises every day with the regularity of clockwork. It may seem violent exercise to some; to Roosevelt it is the normal exercise of his highly energized life. His religion is normal and expressed normally. He has the normal capacity for friendships. Contrary to the belief of some people, the President is the very incarnation of order and regularity in his work. That is part of his system of energizing."

Our critic attributes Mr. Roosevelt's success, therefore, to his "extraordinary capacity for energizing—for using every ounce of every capacity he possesses;" he is a man of ordinary abilities who has succeeded through the simple device of self-control and self-discipline. His versatility and energy are only commonness—the possession of human qualities common to the average man—energized to a high degree. Mr. Roosevelt has accomplished what he has in the political arena in the simplest possible way, "by being exactly like us, the people of the United States; by acting, not on his reason, but on his instincts, which are the instincts of the country; by trusting the multitude.

"No President we have ever had has been so close to the real, though inarticulate, feeling of our people, North, South, East, and West, as Roosevelt. Little localities like New York and Boston hate him, but New York City is only a financial province of the country (as Boston is a sort of atrophied intellectual province), and not American in the largest sense. George Washington was a distant aristocrat, Lincoln a man of lonely divinity, leading at best but half of the country, and that half divided in its support of him; but Roosevelt whoops gloriously with the whole crowd. He is just like us. As a people, we act swiftly and continuously and do our thinking afterward. We venture (where angels fear to tread) upon everything; and do few things well. We, too, are impulsive, and our impulses are good, but too often hasty. We have adopted rather than thought out our beliefs. The poet in celebrating our native land also interprets the President:

"'Huge and alert, irascible yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.'

"So Roosevelt has represented us—the mass of Americans. The reforms he has advocated are really our reforms, not his. He has voiced them valiantly and fearlessly. It is his supreme service that he has articulated our desires. And is not that what we elected him for?"

There is no great mystery, then, in the Presidential psychology; it is the psychology of the average American community, summed up and intensified in the person of a single individual. Mr. Roosevelt is typical and representative of our American life. His genius is mainly a genius for hard work. Our critic wonders when, in the continuous rush of his activities, he gets time to think; and that, too, may be asked of thousands of busy Americans. Undoubtedly it would be better if all of us had more time to think, or took more time; but if Mr. Roosevelt is more impulsive than thoughtful, he shares the national failing. After all, when we get to the bottom of any fair analysis of the President's character, we find that it amounts to little more than an acceptance of his own estimate of himself. He has said that he is no genius; that what he talks about are the familiar principles of right and wrong; that what he does is only application of common sense and ordinary honesty to problems that arise in a day's work; that he has achieved much because he has persevered much and labored much. His is a triumph of the strenuous life.

As we understand the Kaiser, it was not that he loved Mr. Hill less, but that he loved Mr. Tower more.

The Pace that Kills.

The New Haven Register seriously attributes the late dangerous illness of Gov. Guild "to the fatal American banquet habit." The Register bases its conclusions upon facts and figures, and supports them with the opinions of the governor's physicians. It finds that the Massachusetts man has literally overfed himself to the very brink of the grave!

The governor appears to have been a fine speciman of manhood up to the time he began his incessant round of entertainments; as hardy and as well-provided in the matter of digestive apparatus as the best of them. But by and by the inevitable sumptuous dinner, with its rich viands and highly-seasoned dishes, commenced to tell on him; he found wholesome sleep becoming a stranger to his pillow, languor and lassitude seized upon him where heretofore he had been all activity and life. The banquets never let up, however; he was in demand somewhere practically every night. In the end, nature balked, and the governor came very near to death's door.

We do carry the banquet idea to absurd ends in this country; there can hardly be any doubt of it. The occasional banquet, having a fixed and definite purpose, especially when given to emphasize some particular event or honor some great man or men, is a most delightful invention, if we may so call it. Not one word is to be said by way of adverse criticism, so far as such function is concerned. That, however, is the exception and not the rule, as it should be. Gov. Guild was, no doubt, invited to one such affair where he was invited to two dozen of the other kind; and by "the other kind" we mean the banquet that has no good excuse whatever for happening.

We are, as a matter of fact, somewhat silly in the matter of promiscuous feeding in this country. If a candidate comes to town, give him a banquet. If a prominent business man comes to town, give him a banquet. If a well-known actor, foreigner, prize-fighter, lawyer, doctor, or what not comes to town, give him a banquet! The wonder of it all is that more of them do not suffer the fate of Gov. Guild. "The fatal American banquet habit" is pretty much of a nuisance, we suspect, to those who fall victims to it, whether or no! We believe there is work for our reformers in the regulation of this thing.

Candor compels us to report that the John A. Johnson Presidential boom has never yet been able to get out of the important-if-true stage.

Is a Social Revolt Impending?

Jack London, in the rather ridiculous forecast of an impending social revolution set forth in "The Iron Heel," a forecast which depicts the United States of a half dozen years hence in the throes of a civil strife like that which has converted Russia into a shambles, pictures the regular army and the militia as everywhere engaged in doing the bidding of an oligarchy, crushing out labor unions and reducing the people of all classes and occupations to a condition of serfdom. He represents the regular army as having been increased by the addition of 100,000 men, and distorts the Dick militia law into a measure of conscription, under which service in the militia is compulsory on pain of death. This socialist vision of the future has evidently been seen also by Secretary Taft, for in an address to an Ohio board of trade last week he argued for a larger army, partly on the ground that it might be necessary to combat the rising forces of anarchy and socialism. He felt confident that we should have "a regular army and a reserve citizen soldiery sufficient to put into the field 250,000 men capable of carrying on war with courage and efficacy." Mr. Taft went on to say:

"Of course, there is no probability of a recurrence of a great civil war, but should the forces of anarchism and socialism and revolt against organized government manifest themselves, a well organized militia would be most necessary. Suppression of local disturbances is to the regular army an unpleasant duty, and it is one to which the President would summon regular troops with great reluctance. An increase in the efficiency of the militia may well relieve the regular army of any such duty. The moral effect of a regular army, however, to discourage lawlessness is invaluable."

Mr. London ought to be flattered to have his forecast of a possible increase in the military forces of the country in order to put down the "social revolution" which he and other socialists so freely predict partially fulfilled by a plain announcement of the policy Mr. Taft favors. That policy contemplates a considerable addition to the regular army and the development of the militia forces to a state of efficiency as high as that of the regulars, all for the purpose not only of repelling foreign attack, but also of repressing domestic disorder. Thus the social revolution which Mr. London forecasts Mr. Taft believes we should prepare for by enlarging our military forces. It is certainly an interesting coincidence that the vaticinations of a socialist agitator and the apprehensions of our War Secretary should be in substantial accord—a fact which has some obvious political implications. It may be safely guessed, also, that if the Jack London conception of the Dick militia bill as a conscriptive measure has any considerable currency among the working classes in this country there will be a general scramble among politicians to dodge responsibility for that piece of military legislation.

There is, perhaps, one worse place than Haiti—and it begins with the same letter.

The Gilt-edged Chaplain.

The views expressed the other day in these columns on the subject of the decoration of naval chaplains do not appear to be shared by the powers of the Navy Department within whose province falls the composition of those rules and regulations which govern and prescribe the official garb of commissioned officers, and especially of the members of the corps of chaplains. It was known that for some time, a matter of years, certain chaplains have been addressing themselves to the department in the hope that they would be permitted to wear uniforms which were less sedate and gloomy in design than the prescribed apparel of the office. It was felt that the majority view entertained by the chaplains themselves must be against anything which suggested distinctive ornamentation; or, at least, there was indifference toward the project on the part of those chaplains who were profoundly concerned with their serious duties. This is so far from the case, evidently, that the chaplains have, at last, prevailed upon the department to change the uniform regulations to the extent of specifying that brass buttons shall be worn on the coat of the chaplain in place of the black buttons, thus giving the glint which rescues the garment from the hopelessly somber aspect that has hitherto chiefly characterized it. There can be no objection to such adornment, if the chaplains are set upon having it, or if the glitter adds in any way to the influence of the clergymen who are serving with the United States navy. It would be interesting to know in what manner and to what extent the absence of brass buttons on the coat of the chaplain interferes with the discharge of his duties to his country and his church—of whatever denomination or creed—and in what way the new order imparts additional dignity to or contributes to the usefulness of the naval chaplains.

We prefer to believe that the serious-minded chaplain, who feels that he has a mission to perform and regards his work as above the cut and embellishment of his clothes, has taken no part in the influences in behalf of the latest change in uniform.

A provision which is more important, and one that is of benefit to the chaplains, is the requirement that nominees to the corps hereafter shall be examined by a board of chaplains as to individual fitness. In this way, it will be possible to restrict the appointment to those who are mentally and morally qualified, and so avoid the deplorable spectacle of having chaplains tried by court-martial and sentenced to dismissal, as has been the case in three instances within the last year or two. In each of these cases the unfitness of the appointee could have been ascertained by the preliminary examination to which are subjected the clergymen who are appointed to the army as chaplains.

As the session draws to a close, we are more than ever constrained to believe that the great bulk of Congressional activity goes to seed!

While Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt was selected by his father to be the head of the family, it isn't conclusive that he is also the brains.

Scientists say there is no such thing as an equinoctial storm, and the Taftites deny that Federal patronage is being used to promote the big Secretary's boom. Still—well, a number of queer things happen, anyhow!

"Oklahoma is feeling her oats," says the Atlanta Constitution. Of course; "rye" and "corn" are constitutionally prohibited.

The legislature of Arkansas is to be called in extra session. There has certainly been nothing extra about the last few sessions!

An Indiana man ate seven pies at one sitting, and died a few minutes later. It takes a Pennsylvania grafter to eat abnormal quantities of pie with impunity.

Rhode Island has declared against tariff revision. The idea of Senator Aldrich's State doing that!

We think Ambassador-to-be Hill may congratulate himself upon one thing. When he is transferred from Germany, he will get a reception at the next stand calculated to put to blush anything along the reception line he ever encountered.

We very much fear this present session of Congress is going out like a lamb, even though it did come in like a lion.

Highly colored newspaper stories invariably run to "yellow."

By and by, Senator Davis may reach the point where he isn't even considered a first-class police court attraction.

It may be true that nature provides every man with a new brain every sixty days. We suppose Harry Lehr just isn't on nature's visiting list!

A Hoke Smith paper in the Cracker State calls Mr. Joseph M. Brown's gubernatorial candidacy "freakish, insincere, demagogic, and not honorable." Evidently, Mr. Brown is cutting some ice!

"Where the railroads make their most serious blunder is in irritating the public unnecessarily," says the Norfolk Landmark. And, conversely, where the public makes its most serious blunder is in unnecessarily irritating the railroads. In fact, unnecessary irritation, no matter from what quarter, is a blunder.

A man advertises the "hocus-pocus money book" in Watson's Jeffersonian Weekly. Hum! We think that's the kind of books they make out at Benning.

Now it is whispered that Mme. Gould will lose practically all of her fortune in the event she marries de Sagan without her brother's consent. If this little whisper ever reaches the noble prince's ear, forthwith it's gay Paree for his!

What's this? A coal strike in April? Good scheme! Now let's have all our ice strikes in January, and hot "Tom and Jerry" strikes on the Fourth of July.

The Atlanta Georgian notes a recent date line in The Washington Herald reading "Baltimore, March 80," and wants to know what we mean by it. Well, you know they do say that some months seem awfully long to people who live in Baltimore.

"Rheumatism is entirely unknown in lands where earthquakes are frequent," says a physician. Of course, that's encouraging, as far as it goes.

A Michigan judge, in adjusting the alimony in a divorce case, has decided that whisky is a necessity of life. That judge will be looked upon as a particularly humane citizen in certain sections of this land.

Senator Tillman will take a complete rest; indeed, he will devote himself industriously to doing nothing at all in particular for the next eight months. Here's hoping he comes back to Washington next fall as fit as a fiddle for a frolic or a fight!

A SUNDAY TALK.

Keep innocence and take heed unto the things that are right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last.—The Bible.

There is mighty little advice in the Holy Scriptures that a man cannot take and apply with great profit to himself in the affairs of every-day life. What is said as to the value of keeping innocence is one of the truest and most potent guides to the acquisition of true happiness—which, after all, consists in peace.

In spite of all our feverish hunting for joy and happiness, it is not possible to achieve either of these with wickedness. The pleasures of the moment, which use the worst part of our natures, abuse our emotions, and which depend largely for their vitality on wrong thinking, are all as Dead Sea fruit. Happiness is not possible without virtue; not mawkishness or namby-pamby living, but the virtue of working honestly, cleanly, and hard; in expressing the best that is in ourselves and reflecting the light of its influence on others. The virtue which the world wants is that healthful virtue, not valetudinarian; a virtue which can expose itself to risks and overcome them, as Macaulay says, "Not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and eschews the common food as too stimulating."

It is sometimes said that a man has many virtues, but in real truth there is but one—the virtue of doing all the good we can to others, with an ultimate intention of pleasing God alone. The old maxim, "To the pure all things are pure," might almost be applied to virtue also, for the confidence, the hopeful belief in another man's virtue, is no slight evidence of a man's own. Richter said once that "the virtuous heart, like the body, grows sound and strong more by work than by good food," and that, too, is gospel, for healthful virtue consists in healthful working. Often virtue is imagined to be all asperity, vice all delight; virtue to be placed amid the thorns, vice reclining upon a bed of flowers. Exactly the contrary is true.

If we are able to come to a full realization of this truth we can realize the force of the prophet's admonition to "keep innocence" and so find the way to peace. The innocent heart is the happy heart; the innocent soul alone can know the estatic joy which is to be on the road that leads upward through the cares and trials of this life to the throne of God. To live with virtue is to live healthfully and sanely, and, as Carlyle pointed out—

An unhealthy virtue is one that consumes itself to leanness in repenting and anxiety; or, still worse, that inflates itself into dropsical boastfulness and vainglory; either way, it is a self-seeking; an unprofitable looking behind us to measure the way we have made; whereas the sole concern should be to walk continually forward and make more way.

If there is to be salvation it must come through work, and the best work is that that is done for the benefit of others. Anselmo, the monk, prayed for long years and always vainly, because he was seeking for himself, but, as James Whitcomb Riley tells us—

A time, from out of swoon I lifted eye,
To find a wretched outcast, gray and grim,
Bathing my brow, and with a pitying sigh,
And I did pray God's grace might rest on him—
Then lo! a gentle voice fell on mine ears—
"Thou shalt not sob in suppliance hereafter;
Take up thy prayers and wring them dry of tears,
And lift them white and pure, with love and laughter."
So it is now for all men else I pray;
So is it I am blest and glad alway.

RACE GAMBLING DOOMED.

Its Extinction Will Make Far Better and Cleaner Sport.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

There can be, for race-track gambling, no defense worthy of serious consideration. It has led more people to crime, disgrace, and poverty than any other type of gambling. It has brought into existence a set of veritable harpies, and touts and tipsters of the paddock, and the vagabonds of the stables. The habitues of the trackside become obsessed by the belief that, soon or late, they can "beat the ponies." In the history of the sport, half a dozen individuals may have done this. Countless thousands, spurred by emulation, have found ruin. Meantime, the bookmakers, well-fed and bediamonded brigands, paying to reputable business men for the privilege of looting the throngs these men can entice to the inclosures, reap a golden harvest, of which every coin is tainted.

There is no reason to believe that in the absence of a coterie of gamblers racing could not flourish. If experience shall show that it cannot be sustained unless devoted to the promotion of crime, better that every race track in the land be closed. The lover of a good horse would have his horse none the less because a lot of grafters had been driven out of their business of preying. A "sport" founded on false pretense and flourishing in iniquity need not appeal to the public as a legitimate function, for the public knows better.

The breeding of fine horses does not depend upon the race track. Indeed, the animals bred specially for racing are adapted to that purpose and to no other, just as the winning yacht, when no longer needed in competition, is by that very circumstance reduced to junk. The country needs roadsters and draft animals. It does not look to the breeder of racers for either of them.

The men chiefly concerned in defeat of the proposed legislation are, for the most part, millionaires. They can afford to indulge in pastimes that do not involve the maintenance of an army of dissolute idlers, battening on the large army of dupes. Race-track gambling should be exterminated not only in New York, but throughout the country.

Conflicting Moralities.

From the Boston Transcript.

Abbey's paintings for the dome of the Pennsylvania capitol represent the westward march of religious liberty. The other appointments of the edifice represent something different.

Uses of the Millionaire.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is said that the real reason was that the Kaiser wanted the successor of Tower to be a millionaire. Does the Kaiser play poker?

Extending the Principle.

From the New York Mail.

The Milliners' Union is trying to have the pay-as-you-enter Easter hat made universal.

MODERN LOVE.

(Abruzzi-Elkins-Marconigrams.)

A bowless Love, across the boundless sea,
A shaftless dart sent winging recklesslee.
It found a joyless heart to be its mark,
And, quivering there, it lit a fireless spark.

Lo, then the joyless heart, electrified,
Reciprocating, wirelessly replied,
And soon, upon a windless, cloudless day
A careless bride and groom whizzed horselessly away.

—Boston Herald.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Michael Edward Driscoll, lawyer and statesman, represents the Twenty-ninth district of New York. This district comprises two counties, Onondaga and Madison, and from the size of his plurality for the Sixtieth Congress, it is evident that the emphatic and persistent Driscoll comes pretty near controlling both. His vote was nearly twice as large as his Democratic competitor, and about one-seventh of the total population.

REPRESENTATIVE DRISCOLL.

Representative Driscoll was born in Syracuse, but left there when only one year old, going with his parents to Camillus, Onondaga County.

His education was complete, consisting of courses in the district schools, Monro Collegiate Institute, at Elbridge, and Williams College. As has been said, he is a lawyer by profession, and if his manner in the House is a fair sample, when he gets through addressing a jury there is nothing to it but Driscoll. He has a powerful voice, and is of large figure. When he arises he looms above all others around him, and his hair, of a porcupine growth, adds three or four inches to his height. He is in good company in the House, his seat being next to the great and only Sereno Payne, leader of the Republican majority.

It is pretty hard to tell which of the New Yorkers has the strongest voice when aroused. Strong voices, by the way, seem to be part of the make-up of a New York statesman. Cockran, Sherman, Sulzer, and others that could be mentioned, speak somewhat like the midway barker.

Representative Driscoll is chairman of Elections Committee No. 3, and a member of the Committee on Pacific Railroads.

* * * *

Two letters, without address, other than the words "Washington, D. C.," were received in the office of Speaker Cannon yesterday, and no mistake was made when they were delivered there.

Upon one of the envelopes was a caricature showing Uncle Joe wearing a big slouch hat, and holding in his mouth the tilted cigar.

Underneath this presentment of the Speaker were the words "Washington, D. C."

The second envelope bore a pen-and-ink sketch of the Speaker, with no direction other than the word "Washington."

* * * *

Representative Marshall, of North Dakota, chairman of the Committee on Private Land Claims, is likely to retire this Congress. There is a contest on for Senatorships in the State, and if the Senatorial lightning should strike Representative Tom, he wouldn't be averse to accepting the toga. It would not be the first time he took a chance for the United States Senate. In 1899 he was one of the leading candidates, but didn't quite make it. He has been in the House since the Fifty-seventh Congress, and during that time has looked after the State's interest.

The people think he is all right, his plurality for the Sixtieth Congress being over 17,000. He is one of the Representatives who hasn't studied law for a profession. He has devoted his time to business pure and simple, and Representative Marshall in all his efforts uses good common sense, and he gets there with it.

* * * *

It is seldom that any motion or measure is allowed to pass the House of Representatives unanimously. In these days of filibustering, however, the roll call often develops practical unanimity. Anything to consume time, and, if possible, drive the Big Five to consider measures of importance to the country at large, and not to a particular State, city, or village. For instance, Representative Williams, the minority leader, will call for the yeas and nays on the approval of the Journal. He knows it will be approved, but he just wants it done by roll call. When the vote is announced, usually about two or three votes are recorded in the negative. One of those will be Representative Sulzer, of New York, who has lately been running a serial in the Congressional Record, entitled "Objections Made Easy."

On a standing vote Uncle Joe is supposed to count. He swings the gavel in his left hand and counts aisles rather than members. When the affirmative and negative votes are supposedly counted with his terrible left, he turns to Hinds with, "Hinds, how many?" Hinds hasn't counted, but he sees which side is in the majority, and reports accordingly—"Yeas 140, nays 70," or any other old numbers.

* * * *

"That is a tremendous piece of work we are doing down on the isthmus. Very few people have any idea of its character, extent, or interesting constructive and engineering features."

The speaker was Representative Richardson, of Alabama.

"Fact is," he continued, "I myself had not realized how we are making things hum in Panama until the other night I heard a lecture at the Y. M. C. A., by Mr. Claude N. Bennett, of the Congressional Information Bureau, who went down there for a thorough, personal investigation. He did not stay three days, like President Roosevelt, nor a week, like that boatload of Congressmen, but he stayed a whole month and went over the ground, every inch of it, until he seems to be about as familiar with what is going on as any of the commissioners. It was a fine lecture, well illustrated, and a liberal education on the building of the canal. Pity it isn't constitutional for the War Department to hire Bennett to go all over the country and deliver that lecture in the interest of canal sentiment."

* * * *

Representative Leake, of New Jersey, in addition to being an enemy of William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, is also an enemy of abuses of various kinds, and apparently of an observant turn. He notices the policemen of Washington, which seems to warrant the passing comment that he is observant, because there are many who never see a policeman, especially when a crime is being committed.

Representative Gardner, of Michigan, talking on the District appropriation bill, had discussed at some length the policemen detailed at crossings and at other places, when Mr. Leake burst out with this solemn tribute to his own eyes:

"I have noticed on the streets of Washington a number of very elderly gentlemen wearing the uniform of the Washington police, and wearing long, flowing coats, which look more like petticoats."

Senatorial Old Guard.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

However, there are Senators in Washington who resemble Napoleon's Old Guard in that they do not die as long as they can help it and never surrender on any terms.

Benevolent Assimilation.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The only way to tame that fellow Castro would be to import, naturalize and assimilate him, and then elect him to Congress.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE SEASON OPENS.

The Kurds may start a warlike din, the Seudan tribes revolt,
But they cannot our notice win, nor our attention jolt.
For here lies all our hope and fear, the thought to which we cling:
Has Southpaw all his curves this year, and what of Dingbat's wing?

Great kings may issue stern decrees and nations arm in haste;
But we on trifles such as these have now no time to waste.
For here lies all our hope and fear, the only thought we heed:
Will Dingbat be in form this year, and what of Southpaw's speed?

No Disgrace.

"Oh, that a boy of mine should live to disgrace his family!"

"Why, dad, what's the matter with you? It's all right. I got off on a technicality."

That's the Answer.

"Why is your husband so irritable at home?" inquired the amazed visitor.

"Because he knows it's safe to be," answered the long-suffering wife.

In the Limelight.

"I'm the man in the gray hat who led the cheering when Roosevelt was nominated."

"Well, sir, what of it?"

"Tell it to the populace, if you wish. I can't hope to preserve my incog."

The Worm Turns.

She buys a gown,
The best in town,
Expends three hundred dollars,
While hub, the worm,
Can only squirm
And turn his cuffs and collars.

What's the Use?

"Does wealth bring real enjoyment?"

"Naw. They won't let you eat the grub you like, or wear the clothes you consider classy, or listen to the music you understand, or even put a castiron dog on the lawn."

The International Courtship.

"The course of true love never does run smooth."

"Seems a shame, doesn't it?"

"It does, indeed. Especially when both parties have employed eminent legal talent."

Stock in Trade.

The lady novelist can't get along without her conservatory, even when the ball is given aboard ship.

BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.

From the Detroit Free Press.

WIFE'S LITTLE SONG.

As the long years come and go,
Keep a movin'!
When you say good-by to snow,
Keep a movin'!
Don't give up in grim despair,
Never settle anywhere,
When the spring is in the air,
Keep a movin'!

Don't be satisfied with home,
Keep a movin'!
Women always like to roam,
Keep a movin'!
Now the wintry days are o'er,
Comes the lusty cry once more,
Lo, the van is at the door:
Keep a movin'!

Disappointed.

"There was one thing about your spring poem that impressed me very much," said the editor to the long-haired poet.

"Yes," said the poet, eagerly.

"Yes," remarked the editor. "It was the typewriting. What make of machine do you use?"

The Cannon Boom.

"The cannon boom," says Uncle Joe,
"The common people reaches;
It's double barrels wear, you know,
A pair of homespun breeches."

The Old Argument.

Ere long the day
Will come, I say,
When angry words will pass between 'em;
He'll catch the fish
To fill the dish,
Then try to get his wife to clean 'em.

Different.

"Cheer up, old man," said the consoling friend. "You know love laughs at locksmiths."

"Yes, I know," replied the dejected lover. "But her father ain't a locksmith; he's a boilermaker."

The Reason.

The chauffeur hooks his goggles on
Because, I swear,
He then can give his victims all
The glassy stare.

Revolutionizing Woman's Kingdom.

From Harper's Weekly.

What we have actually seen with our own eyes is a large number of young wives of men making anywhere from $4,000 to $10,000 a year, who do no manual labor, who have not more than two or three children, whose household requires not more than an hour or two of daily attention, who find that clothes can be more economically bought ready made, and who, therefore, do not do the household sewing, upon whose hands time hangs heavy, and whose lives are often most unprofitably spent. Many take refuge in card-playing, in vying with others in giving social entertainments, in novel-reading, or in pursuing a superficial culture which results in nothing. There would seem to be no doubt but that in this country, at any rate, there is too large a leisure class, and it is a leisure class without the wealth for philanthropy or the training for responsibility.

Des Moines' Commission Government.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Des Moines held its first election on Tuesday since the popular adoption of the commission government plan, and a rather curious situation has arisen. The ticket of the elements that had energetically worked for the new plan of municipal government was decisively defeated and that of the opponents of the reform was elected by large majorities. The question that is troubling Des Moines just now is whether during the next two years—the term of the new mayor and his associate commissioners—the "plan" will have the fair and adequate trial that, by common consent, it ought to have to enable the voters to determine at the next election upon the permanent form of their local government.

Education Neglected.

From the New York Herald.

A Berlin professor says he can prove that one fly walking over his breakfast plate left in its tracks 1,000,000 germs and eleven specific diseases. If the professor is as smart as all that, why doesn't he teach the flies to wipe their feet before they come into the house?

Infallible Remedy.

From the Houston Post.

Admiral Evans has received 3,000 prescriptions for rheumatism. We shall never be satisfied until he accepts our advice and buries his game leg for one night in an ant hill.

The Emerald Trail.

From the Memphis News-Scimitar.

That Prince Helie de Sagan can trail a bunch of the long green a long way.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Roosevelt sentiment is growing with amazing strides in the South," said George F. Arms, of New Orleans, at the New Willard, yesterday. Mr. Arms is interested in the cotton trade, and is here on business.

"If Roosevelt goes on the ticket, he will break up party lines, and the historic 'solid South' will be a thing of the past. I am a Democrat, but I indorse President Roosevelt's views in every particular. I don't care if he is a Republican. To me, he is a good, honest, patriotic American. And that's what we want in the White House.

"At any rate, he is not a hidebound Republican. Some of our best Democrats have even argued that he is no Republican at all; that he is as much Democrat as Republican.

"If his own party can't unite on that question, why should Democrats worry?

"But, as I was saying, the Roosevelt sentiment is growing amazingly everywhere. I made a trip out West recently, and there is nothing but Roosevelt talk. To argue the nomination of anybody outside of Roosevelt is regarded as positively foolish.

"How can he accept the nomination in view of his declaration not to be a candidate?

"Roosevelt's thoughts are one thing. The people's wish and demand is another thing. Roosevelt may say he does not want the job, but he is too good an American to place himself above the wishes of the people and decline when they made known their desire that he should again become a candidate.

"Can he decline, with propriety, if the convention should nominate him by acclamation? Certainly not. He will sacrifice his personal convenience and will bow to the will of the people like every good American would do.

"At any rate, this is not his third term. All this talk about a third term and a possible life tenure is bosh and rot. Even those who talk most about it don't believe a word of it.

"Business is sort of dull, but that is nothing unusual. Business, preceding a Presidential election, is always dull. Roosevelt or the Republicans cannot be blamed for it.

"There is one thing sure. That is that the Democrats can't be blamed for the recent financial depression and consequent business dullness.

"Bryan will be nominated. He will be beaten so badly that he will never again appear in the ring. That's about the only way to bring him to his senses.

"If he were not nominated he would only create dissensions in the ranks of the party. The leaders are aware of this and have decided to place him at the head of the ticket in order to bring about his defeat and everlasting retirement."

Clarence F. Darrell, of Nome, Alaska, a mining operator, is at the Raleigh. Speaking of the vast riches of Alaska, Mr. Darrell said last night:

"In the last ten years, in round numbers, Alaska has produced $65,000,000 in gold. Good judges say that in the next ten years at least three times that amount will be taken out by means of dredges, each of which represents a labor force equivalent to the work of a thousand men.

"Naturally, miners and prospectors are optimistic. It must be admitted that in the case of Alaska they have good reasons for their optimism. Alaskans confidently look forward to the time when their country will lead South Africa in its yield of gold.

"The salmon industry of Alaska seems capable of vast development. Even at present the single item of canned salmon yields a yearly total greater than the sum originally paid for the entire Territory.

"If not a dollar of gold had been taken from Alaska its fisheries alone would have made it a good commercial investment.

"There was a general falling off of business in 1907 as compared with the previous year. The explanation is given by the collector of customs.

"On the whole, however, Alaska's business is in a sound condition and gives promise of a great increase in the near future, when better roads and better transportation facilities are secured.

"The lack of aids to navigation on its enormous coast line is also a great drawback. On the entire western coast of the Territory there are, for instance, only three lighthouses. Such facilities as its port have for commerce are crude and unsatisfactory.

"Everybody up Alaska-way is simply wild for Roosevelt. That's all."

K. L. Warren, a business man of Denver, Colo., has been to New York in connection with business referring to the Democratic national convention.

"The latest plan the people in Denver have to astonish the visitors to the convention, which meets in that city on July 7, is to bring down several carloads of snow from the mountains.

"You see it is only sixty miles from Denver to the banks of eternal snow. There is a railway running to the tops of the mountains where the snow banks are. It is proposed to bring this snow down to the convention hall and use it for cooling purposes.

"There are immense fans in the convention hall that circulate the air through the place. When this air is drawn of banks of snow it will cool the atmosphere so thoroughly that there will be no possibility of its becoming heated by the fiercest debate.

"When the Elks were in Denver two years ago at their annual national meeting, they were pelted with snowballs from one side of the street and flowers from the other. This novel experience will be duplicated this season at the Democratic convention by having several carloads of snow and huge masses of flowers in the convention hall.

"It is surprising how long snow lasts in such a rarefied atmosphere as is found in Denver. I attended the annual gathering of the Eagles in Denver three years ago. There was a wash tub of snow brought down from the mountains and deposited in the headquarters of the grand lodge to show the visitors what climatic novelties Colorado could furnish.

"The snow was brought in at morning and lasted all that day, all night, and in the evening of the following day there was still a considerable quantity of it left.

"My explanation of this is that the rarefied air must be conducive to the preservation of snow. I suppose it would melt away in a moment in the warm air of Washington."

A. M. Stevenson, member of the Republican National Committee from Colorado, is at the Arlington. Mr. Stevenson is an enthusiastic Roosevelt man, and predicts he will be nominated at the Chicago convention.

"The whole country wants Roosevelt, with the possible exception of a small coterie of Wall street magnates, who imagine they control the destinies of the United States. New York is strongly in favor of Roosevelt to succeed himself in the White House, and 30 per cent of the Democrats of Colorado will vote for him. Bryan will make a strong fight, and the Republican party needs to put up its strongest available candidate in order to win. The third-term question has absolutely nothing to do with the point in question. If the people demand that Mr. Roosevelt serve another term, he will bow to the will of the people and accept the nomination. If nominated he will be elected by the largest majority ever given any President."